

# THE RURAL

# REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

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### New Year's Day.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'I WISH I could find a solution for one mystery,' said Mary Moore, to her mother, as during the last hour of the last night of 1834 they sat together, not over the inspiring embers of a nutwood fire, as in good old times, but within the circumambient atmosphere of a grate glowing with Schuylkill coals.

'Is there but one mystery in life, that puzzles you, Mary?' asked her mother.

'One more than all others, and that is, why Lizzy Percival is so tormented!'

'Lizzy tormented? She seems to me to be the happiest girl of all our acquaintance.'

'Mother! did she not begin with the greatest of all earthly plagues,—a step mother.'

'A step mother, my dear child, is not of course a plague.'

'But Lizzy's was, you know, mother!'

'A plague to herself, undoubtedly, but the greatest of all blessings to Lizzy.'

'A blessing to Lizzy! what do you mean, mother!'

'I mean that the trials of Lizzy's childhood and youth, developed and strengthened her virtues. Lizzy's matchless sweetness of temper was acquired, or at least perfected, by the continued discipline which it required to endure patiently the exactions and indolence of her step mother. In short, Mary, Lizzy has been made far better by her relation with her step mother. She has overcome evil, and not been overcome by it. I wish, my dear Mary, that you could realize that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the temper in which we meet them; the fruit we reap from them, that makes them either fortunate or unfortunate for us.'

'Well mother I suppose if I was as old, and as wise, and above all as good as you are, I should think as you do, but in the mean time, (an endless mean time) I must account such a step mother as Lizzy Perci-

val's the first and chiefest of all miseries.—And then, when it pleased kind heaven to reward Lizzy's virtue by the removal of this gracious lady, you know, she left behind her half a dozen little pledges, to whom poor Lizzy has been obliged to devote and sacrifice herself.'

'And this devotion and self-sacrifice has made her the exemplary and lovely creature she is. Her youth, instead of being wasted in frivolity, has been most profitably employed. Duty is now happiness to her, and she is rewarded a thousand fold for all her exertions, by the improvement of her character, and the devoted love of her little brothers and sisters.'

'Well, mother, you are very ingenious, but I think it will puzzle you to prove, that there is more profit than loss to Lizzy in being thwarted in her affections. Never was there a truer, a deeper, or better merited love than Lizzy's for Harry Stuart; never any thing more unreasonable, nor more obstinate than Mr. Percival's opposition to their engagement, and if I were Lizzy—she hesitated, and her mother finished the sentence.

'You would take the matter into your own hands!'

'I do not say that; but I would not submit implicitly, as she does, toiling on and on for that regiment of children, and trying while she is sacrificing her happiness to appear perfectly cheerful, and what provokes me more than all, being so the greater part of the time in spite of every thing!'

'Ah, Mary, a kind disposition, a gentle temper, an approving conscience, an occupation for every moment of a most useful life, must make Lizzy happy even though the current of true love does not run smooth.'

'But Lizzy does flag, sometimes; I have seen her very sad.'

'For any length of time?'

'Oh, no! because she has always something or other to do.'

'True, Mary, 'tis your idlers who make the most of misery, and create it when it is not ready made to their hands. Lizzy will

finally have the reward of her virtue; her father will relent.'

'Never—never, mother. You hope against hope. Mr. Percival is as proud and obstinate as all the Montagues and Capulets together. He is one of the infallibles. He prides himself on never changing a resolve, nor even an opinion; on never unsaying what he has once said, and you know he not only said, but swore, and that in Lizzy's presence too, that, she should never marry a son of Gilbert Stuart.'

'Yes, I know. But continual dropping wears the rock, and the sun, if it were to shine long enough, would melt polar ice.—Mr. Percival's heart may be hardened by self will, but he cannot forever resist the continual unintermitting influence of such goodness as Lizzy's. He is not naturally hard hearted. His heart is soft enough if you can penetrate the crust of pride that overlays it.'

'Oh mother, you mistake, it is all crust.'

'No, Mary, the human heart is mingled of many elements, and not, as young people think, formed of a single one, good or evil.'

The scene changes to Mr. Percival's house. The clock is on the stroke of twelve. A lovely creature, not looking the victim of sentiment, but with a clear serene brow, her eye, not 'blue and sunken,' but full, bright, and hazel, and lips and cheeks glowing like Hebe's, is busied with a single handmaid, preparing New Year's Gifts for a bevy of children. Lizzy Percival's maid Madeline, a German girl, had persuaded her young mistress to arrange the gifts after the fashion of her *father land*, and accordingly a fine tree of respectable growth had been purchased in market, and though when it entered the house it looked much like the theatrical presentation of 'Birman woods coming to Dunsinane,' the mistress and maid had contrived, with infinite ingenuity, to elude the eyes of the young Arguses, and to plant it in the library, which adjoined the drawing-room, without its being seen by one of them.

Never did Christmas tree bear more multifarious fruit—for St. Nicholas, that most benign of all the Saints of the calendar, had

through the hands of many a ministering priest and priestess, showered his gifts.—The sturdiest branch drooped with its burden of books, chess men, puzzles, etc. for Julius, a stripling of thirteen. Dolls, birds, beasts, and boxes, were hung on the lesser limbs. A regiment of soldiers had alighted on one bough, and Noah's ark was anchored to another, and to all the slender branches were attached cherries, plums, strawberries, and peaches, as tempting and at least as sweet as the fruits of paradise.

Nothing remained to be done, but to label each bough. Miss Percival was writing the names, and Madeline walking round and round the tree, her mind, as the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye indicated, divided between the present pleasure and the recollection of by-gone festivals in the land of her home, when both were startled by the ringing of the door-bell.

'It is very late,' said Miss Percival, with a look at Madeline which expressed, it is very odd that any one should ring at this hour. 'Close the blinds, Madeline,' she added, for the first time observing they were open. The ring was repeated, and as at first very gently.

'Whoever it is, is afraid of being heard,' said Madeline, 'but,' bristling up with a coward show of courage, 'there's nothing to fear, Miss Lizzy,' she added, 'and if you'll just come with me into the entry, I'll find out before I open the door who it is.'

'You hold the lamp Madeline, and I will open the door,' replied Lizzy, who had a good deal more moral courage than her domestic.

'Oh no, that would shame me too much, dear Miss Lizzy.'

'But I am not afraid Madeline;' so giving Madeline the lamp she sprung forward, and with her hand on the bolt, asked in a tone that might have converted an enemy into a friend, 'who is there?' A voice low, anxious and thrilling, answered, 'Lizzy.'

Now indeed her cheek paled and her hand trembled, and Madeline, naturally inferring that these signals betokened fear, said, 'shall I scream for your father?'

'O, no, no, not for the world; stand back, wait one moment,' and while she hesitated, whether she might turn the bolt, an earnest, irresistible entreaty from without prevailed. 'For Heaven's sake open the door, Lizzy, I will not enter, I will not even speak to you.' The bolt was turned, and Lizzy said, with the frankness which characterized her, 'if I might ask you in, you know I would Harry.' Stuart seized her hand, and slipped into it a note, and impressed with his lips the thanks that, true to the letter of his promise, he dared not speak, and then hastily retreated, and the door was re-closed.

'It was Mr. Stuart, Madeline.'

'Yes, Miss Lizzy, I saw it was, but I promise you I shall not tell—'

'No, do not, Madeline, for I shall tell papa, who is the only person who has a right to know.'

'You are quite different from other young ladies,' said Madeline, with an expression of honest wonder. But not entirely different was Lizzy, for she forgot to finish the little that remained undone, and hastily dismissing Madeline, she hurried to her apartment, and opened the twisted note Stuart had given her. It enveloped a ring, and contained the following in pencil: 'Dearest Lizzy, I have been walking before your window for the last hour, watching your kind preparations for those who are every day blessed with the brightest and softest of all lights—the light of your countenance. Your very happy face has made me sad; for my selfish thoughts tell me this happiness is quite independent of me. Shame, shame to me! There is my Lizzy, I have said, giving gifts and receiving them, making others happy, and made happy herself, and bestowing no thought on me! I have wrapped up this little ring, on which is enamelled a forget-me-not, and bade it speak to your heart the cravings of mine.'

'Forget me not, dear Lizzy! The ring is indeed too true an emblem of the endless circle of my sorrows. No beam of light is there in the parting,—none in the dawning year for me!'

Lizzy read and re-read the note—very like all lovers' notes—but as she thought, peculiar, and most peculiarly heart-breaking.—The ring she put on her finger, and went to bed holding it in the palm of her other hand, and before morning she had dreamed out a very pretty romance with a right pleasant and fitting conclusion. The morning came, New Year's morning, with its early greeting, its pleasant bustle, its noisy joys, and to Lizzy its cares; for there is no play day in the calendar of an American mistress of a family, be she old or young. Lizzy, the *genius loci*, was the dispenser general of the bounties of the season. The children waked her at dawn with their kisses and cries of Happy New Year, sister; the servants besieged the door with their earnest taps, and their heart-felt good wishes, and each received a gift and a kind word to grace it.

After breakfast the library door was opened, and the land of promise revealed to the little expectants. Then what exclamations of surprise! What bursts of joy, and what a rush as each sprang forward to pluck his own fruit from the laden tree! Each, we said, but little Ella, the youngling of the flock, clung to Lizzy, and leading her to the extremity of the room, uncovered a basket, containing various souvenirs, saying, 'papa

said we might all *div* something to the one we loved best, and so we *dived* this to you, sister.'

And now in the happy group around the tree was apparent the blossoming of that fruit which the sister had planted and matured in their hearts. 'Thank you, sister,' said Julius, taking from his branch a nice book, filled with copies for him to draw after; 'how much pains you must have taken to do this for me! how much time and trouble you have spent upon it; I hope I shall never feel tired of doing any thing for you.'

'O, sister Lizzy,' exclaimed little Sue, 'I did not know when I spilt all your beads that you was knitting this bag for me: but you was so good natured that I was sorry as ever I could be.'

'Sister, sister, did you paint these soldiers?' cried Hal; 'kiss me, you are the best sister that ever lived!'

'O Anne, your doll is dressed just like mine; sister has even worked their pocket handkerchiefs. But you have a paint box, I am glad of that.'

'And you have an embroidered apron and I am glad of that; oh papa, does not sister do every thing for us!'

'She does, my dear children,' said Mr. Percival, who though not of the melting order, was affected even to tears by this little house scene. 'Come here to me, Lizzy,' he said, drawing her aside and putting his arm around her, 'tell me, my dear good child, what I shall give you?'

Lizzy held her blushing face for a moment on her father's bosom, and then courageously drawing back her head and raising her hand, and pointing to her ring, she replied, 'give me leave, sir, to wear this gift from Harry Stuart?'

Mr. Percival's brow clouded, 'how is this Lizzy? did I not command you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts?'

'Yes papa, but I could not obey you.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, Lizzy.'

'I tried sir, indeed I did, but the more I tried the more I could not.'

'And so by way of aiding your efforts you wish to keep this gewgaw with a forget-me-not engraved on it?'

'With your leave, sir, I would wear it. It will make no difference, papa. Harry has engraved the forget-me-not on my heart.—There it is cut in, as the engravers say.'

Lizzy's frankness and perseverance astonished her father, there was something kindred to his own spirit in it. He felt it to be so, and this it was perhaps, that mitigated his displeasure as he paced the room, his hands behind him, as was his wont, when perplexed. 'I must not be fooled out of my resolution,' he thought, 'it was very presuming of Harry Stuart to give this ring to

Lizzy when he knows my determination is invincible.' He turned to claim the ring, when Madeline, who a few minutes before entered with a little packet directed to him, caught his eye. He opened it, and found it contained a pair of slippers, Lizzy's new year's gift to him, beautifully wrought by her own hands. This was not all, there were several pairs of fine woollen hose she had knit for him, in her intervals of leisure.—They were just such as he liked, just such as he could not buy, just such as nobody but Lizzy could knit, at least so he thought, and thanking and kissing her, he said, 'Well, Lizzy, wear the ring to-day, and after that—'

'I may still wear it, papa?'

'I'll consider of it my child.'

'C'est le prenier pas qui coute!' thought Lizzy, and with a light heart and joyous face, she bounded away to perform her next duty. Lizzy's duties were so blended with pleasure, that she no more separated them, than the naked eye separates the twisted ray of light.

[Concluded in our next.]

### The Three Advices.

AN IRISH TALE.

THE stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and 'good people,' the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavored to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of 'Paddreen Trelah' or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic 'Traid of Wisdom.'

There once came, what of late has happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the

money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behavior, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

'No reason in life, sir,' said John; 'you've been a good master and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife and two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honor would never wish to keep me from them entirely. The wife and the children.'

'Well, John,' said the gentleman, 'you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice—will you take what I offer, on my word?'

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and, therefore, after a slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take for his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

'Then listen attentively to my words,' said the gentleman.

'First—I would teach you this—Never to take a bye road when you have the highway.'

'Secondly—take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

'And thirdly—Remember that honesty is the best policy.'

'These are the three advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your traveling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them.'

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was made to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was, however, so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were traveling

the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town where travelers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this, but immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. 'He is the landlord,' said the servant; 'and, Heaven help him! a dog's life has he led since he married his last wife.'

'What,' said John, with surprise, 'is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see I must not remain in this house to-night; and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no further than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if

possible, and so returned, in order to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at bar, and the young woman and the man whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse of gold, which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population; and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in the burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and informed him of the purse full of gold.

'And where did Mack my boy, find it?' inquired John Carson.

'It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it,' said his wife; 'for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the half-penny have I to buy my poor children a bit to eat this blessed night.'

'Never mind that,' said John; 'do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months' wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong.'

'And what did he say?' inquired the wife.

'That honesty is the best policy,' answered John.

'Tis very well; and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise, but your bidding is enough for me, John.'

Straightway she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

'You must tell me your business, honest woman,' said the servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

'If you knew but all,' said she, 'I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master; for surely it is his; as no body else could have so much money.'

'Let me see it,' said the servant. 'Ay, its all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;' and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished to find six guineas in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgotten his manners through the means of traveling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honor had got the purse he lost.

'Why, it is true enough, my good fellow,' said the squire, 'I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty.'

'Then the servant at the big house never gave it to you last night, after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honor—and telling her it was all right?'

'Oh, I must look into this business,' said the squire.

'Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?'

'I can't tell his name rightly,' said John, 'because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eye again if she can't point him out to your honor, if so your honor is desirous of knowing.'

'Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you.' And the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the

big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed. 'Oh, go!—go! what business can you have here?' and shut the door.

John's wife burst out a crying—'There,' said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, 'I knew that would be the end of it.'

But John had not been in old England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. 'No,' said he, firmly; 'right is right, and I'll see the end of it.' So he sets himself down on the steps of the door, determined not to go until he had seen the young squire, and as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

'I have been expecting you for some time, John,' said he; 'come in and bring your wife in; and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

'Which of you,' said the young squire, without making further words—'which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?' but there was no answer. 'Well I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself.'

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; 'there he is,' said she, 'if all the world were in the fore—clergyman, magistrate, judge, jury and all—there he is, and I am ready to take my bible-oath to him—there he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it.'

The conscious footman turned pale.

'What is this I hear?' said his master. 'If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?'

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

'John,' said the gentleman, turning round, 'you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty.'

Within a month John Carson was settled in a nice slated house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, and the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a little farm, where he lived respectably all his days. On his deathbed, he gave his children the very three advices which his master had given him on parting:

Never to take a buy-road when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in a house where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

**BIOGRAPHY.****Captain John Smith.**

JOHN SMITH may justly be ranked among the early distinguished navigators, on the American coasts, from Virginia to L'Acadie, or Nova Scotia; a bold adventurer, and one of the most efficient characters to whose perseverance a colony was planted and sustained at James' River, the first English settlement on this Continent. Captain Smith was born in 1580, and was early distinguished for bold adventure and daring exploits. At an early age, after some romantic incidents evincing a high spirit for enterprise, however hazardous, he sailed up the Mediterranean, and visited Alexandria in Egypt. Thence he coasted the Levant, and assisted in capturing a richly-laden ship belonging to Venice. He traveled through Italy, and thence into the dominions of the Archduke of Austria. There was then, as often since that period, a war between the Turks and Austrians, and Smith engaged, as a volunteer, in the service of the latter. His conduct for activity was such that he was made commander of a troop of horse, consisting of two hundred. He encountered several Turks, in single combat, on a challenge from each of them, and was victorious in every instance.

On his return to England, he met with Gosnold about the year 1606, who had before visited the coasts of Northern Virginia, (or New England, as afterwards called,) and was persuaded by him to join a company for a settlement on James' River. He was accused, with what justice we know not, of intending to usurp the authority of the proposed colony, and of meditating the murder of the chief men of the company: and he was kept some time in confinement on this accusation. He was afterwards set at liberty, but had no formal trial on the charges made against him; and he rendered himself highly useful to the settlement, by his courage in action, and his policy when in the hands of the natives. Many adventures are narrated, in which Captain Smith was the chief actor, and in which he discovered equal judgment and bravery. In one of his excursions into the country, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, who were lurking in the forests. He was carried before Powhattan the great Sachem of that territory, and was about to be executed, when the Sachem's daughter interceded in his behalf, and procured his liberation. After this and other trials and dangers, Captain Smith was tried on the charge before mentioned, and acquitted. He recovered heavy damages of his accusers, and generously gave the amount to the colony.

There were difficulties and divisions among the early adventurers to Virginia, which proved very disastrous to the interest of the

infant colony. Captain Smith had personal enemies, though he rendered the settlement important services on several occasions. He is represented as of a warm temperament, and sometimes might have given occasion for the opposition which was made to him. During the first year of the colony, many of the leading men died of fever. One Ratcliffe was chosen President, but Captain Smith was really the chief support of the company. Sometime after this, Smith returned to England; and in 1614 engaged in another expedition for discovery and trade in North Virginia. He had two vessels at his command, and he examined the coasts and bays from Penobscot to Cape Cod. Hunt was commander of one of these vessels, and was left on the coast by Captain Smith, when he sailed for England. This was the Captain Hunt who forcibly carried off two of the native Indians from Cape Cod, which was the cause of great enmity and trouble from the tribes in that vicinity. Captain Smith prepared a map of the coasts of North Virginia, then so called, and on his return presented it to Prince Charles, (afterwards Charles I.) who gave the country the name of New England; or rather confirmed the name previously suggested by Captain Smith himself. In 1616, he received the title of Admiral of the country which he had visited and explored; and he fitted out another expedition intended for America, when he was taken by the French and treated with great severity, on pretence that he was a pirate. He traveled through most parts of England and Scotland after these disasters; and about 1620—1, he published an account of his voyages and adventures in distant countries. He also wrote a History of Virginia, relating to the country and to the events which occurred during his connection with the colony. Other volumes or tractates were published by Captain Smith before his death, which occurred in 1631; which detailed his adventures in the East, prior to his first visit to America. Perhaps full justice has not been done to the character of this brave and adventurous navigator and traveler. He was inferior to few of the daring men of that and a former age, who made discoveries in this western continent, at great dangers and perils; and may justly be ranked near to Columbus, the Cabots, Raleigh, Gosnold, Gorges and Hudson.

**MISCELLANY.****Hints to Mechanics.**

Avoid giving any long credits even to your best customers. A man who pays easily will not thank you for the delay; and a slack, doubtful paymaster is not too valuable a customer to dun sharply and seasonably. A fish may as well attempt to live without water, or

a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep or get business by delaying collections. When you lose a slack paymaster from your books you only lose the chance of losing your money, and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is least prompt in collecting for himself.

Take care how you agree to pay money for your stock, your provisions, your rent, or your fuel, and take dog-skins for your work. One hand must wash the other, as Poor Richard says, or both will go to jail dirty. Every man's trade ought to bring him money enough to pay all money demands against him, and no man can stand it long who does not get money enough from his business to pay the cash expenses of carrying it on.

**The Bells of St. Mary's, Limerick.**

'Those evening bells—those evening bells.'  
MOORE'S MELODIES.

HARK! one sound alone reaches us here; and how grand, and solemn, and harmonious in its monotony! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep-toned vibrations undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence; and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself, that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name, and fictitious circumstances, where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy—they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were consequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and, with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness.

This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and after the passing storm, found himself preserved, alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent, in which the bells, the master-pieces of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land.

The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed a resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland; proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was at evening, so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition.

On a sudden amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and, when they landed, they found him cold!

Such are the associations, which the ringing of St. Mary's bells brings to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this tale than with the little melody, from which I have taken the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry—a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other;—Why! you can almost fancy you hear them ringing!—

'Those evening bells—those evening bells—  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and native clime,  
When I last heard their soothing chime.'

'Those pleasant hours have passed away,  
And many a heart, that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.'

'And so 'twill be when I am gone!  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
When other bards shall walk those dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!'

#### Honor to whom honor is due.

AT the late Union College commencement, the Honorary Degree of A. M. was conferred upon John Patterson, of this city, a Journeyman printer, whose mathematical attainments richly entitled him to that distinction. Mr. Patterson, who served his apprenticeship at

Buffalo, came to this city some twelve years ago, where he has since worked, and is still working as a Journeyman. He is now one of the best practical printers in the Union. By devoting those hours of relaxation which most of us idle away, to severe study, Mr. Patterson has not only stored his mind with useful general information, but acquired a knowledge of Mathematics which has won for him a Degree from one of the most reputable Colleges in the Union. In addition to all this, with a family to support from his earnings, Mr. Patterson has garnered up about \$3000 the fruits of patient toil and economy. Such an instance of industry and frugality combined with intellectual aspirations, is worthy of the palmy days of Rittenhouse and Franklin.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

#### Genius and Matrimony.

THOMAS MOORE, in his life of Lord Byron, has devoted four or five pages to reflections on the unfitness of men of genius to the married state. That they are unfit, that they are disinclined, or that they are unfortunate in their endeavors to enter into that state, would seem, at least in many instances, to require no other proof than is to be found in the numerous cases of celibacy in the history of men of genius. That many of them are unfit, or unfortunate in their choice, is also proved by the repeated instances of unhappy wedlock to be found among that class of men.

Among the distinguished poets, who never married, may be mentioned Pope, Thompson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others among the moderns; and we know not how many among the ancients. Of those who have married and been unhappy, may be mentioned Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Lydon, Byron, &c. Dean Swift, though married would never acknowledge or live with his wife.

If poets be, as they have been represented from old time, an *irritable genius*, this very peculiarity in their temper sufficiently accounts for their want of harmony in married life. But what shall we say of philosophers, whose temper, one would suppose, was better calculated for the exigencies of matrimony? And yet it would appear that they are not the men for the ladies. Whether it is that men of the most powerful minds have not the softness and gentleness requisite to win the love of the fair, and retain it; or whether they think it beneath their attention to devote a thought to those things that engage the minds of ordinary mortals; or whether the occupation of their thoughts in the field of philosophy prevents their attention to the soft endearments of the heart—certain it is that many of the greatest have trod the path of life alone, and gone down to the grave, unblest with the sweets of wedded love. Among these may be named Newton, Bacon,

Locke, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hume, Gibbon, and a long list of others, illustrious for learning, science, and intellectual greatness.

From these and other cases in which history is fruitful, one conclusion must naturally be drawn—and we leave our readers to decide which it is,—either that philosophers or men of genius are not formed for the blessings of the matrimonial tie, or are exceedingly negligent or unfortunate in so often missing them.

#### Meeting between the Patriot Pelistes and the Traitor Julian.

THE loyalty and prowess of the good knight Pelistes had gained him the reverence even of his enemies. He was for a long time disabled by his wounds, during which he was kindly treated by the Arab chieftains, who strove by every courteous means, to cheer his sadness and make him forget that he was a captive. When he was recovered from his wounds they gave him a magnificent banquet, to testify their admiration of his virtues.

Pelistes appeared at the banquet, clad in sable armor, and with a countenance pale and dejected, for the ills of his country evermore preyed upon his heart. Among the assembled guests was Count Julian, who held a high command in the moslem army, and was arrayed in garments of mingled christian and morisco fashion. Pelistes had been a close and bosom friend of Julian in former times, and had served with him in the wars in Africa, but when the Count advanced to accuse him with his wonted amity, he turned away in silence and deigned not to notice him; neither, during the whole of the repast, did he address to him ever a word, but treated him as one unknown.

When the banquet was nearly at a close, the discourse turned upon the events of the war, and the moslem chieftains, in great courtesy, dwelt upon the merits of many of the christian cavaliers who had fallen in battle, and all extolled the valor of those who had recently perished in the defence of the convent. Pelistes remained silent for a time, and checked the grief which swelled within his bosom as he thought of his devoted cavaliers. At length, lifting up his voice, 'Happy are the dead,' said he, 'for they rest in peace, and are gone to receive the reward of their piety and valor! I could mourn over the loss of my companions in arms, but they have fallen with honor, and are spared the wretchedness I feel in witnessing the thrall-dom of my country. I have seen my only son, the pride and hope of my age, cut down at my side; I have beheld kindred friends and followers falling one by one around me, and have become so seasoned to those losses that I have ceased to weep. Yet there is one man over whose loss I will never cease to

grieve. He was the loved companion of my youth, and the steadfast associate of my graver years. He was one of the most loyal of christian knights. As a friend he was loving and sincere; as a warrior his achievements were above all praise. What has become of him, alas, I know not! If fallen in battle, and I knew where his bones were laid, whether bleaching on the plains of Xeres, or buried in the waters of the Guadalete, I would seek them out and enshrine them as the relics of a sainted patriot. Or if, like many of his companions in arms, he should be driven to wander in foreign lands, I would join him in his hapless exile, and we would mourn together over the desolation of our country!

Even the hearts of the Arab warriors were touched by the lament of the good Pelistes, and they said—‘Who was this peerless friend in whose praise thou art so fervent?’

‘His name,’ replied Pelistes, ‘was Count Julian.’

The moslem warriors stared with surprise. ‘Noble cavalier,’ exclaimed they, ‘has grief disordered thy senses? Behold thy friend living and standing before thee, add yet thou dost not know him! This, this is Count Julian!’

Upon this, Pelistes turned his eyes upon the count, and regarded him for a time with a lofty and stern demeanor; and the countenance of Julian darkened, and was troubled, and his eye sank beneath the regard of that loyal and honorable cavalier. And Pelistes said, ‘In the name of God, I charge thee, man unknown! to answer. Dost thou presume to call thyself Count Julian?’

The count reddened with anger at these words. ‘Pelistes,’ said he, ‘what means this mockery, thou knowest me well; thou knowest me for Count Julian.’

‘I know thee for a base impostor?’ cried Pelistes. ‘Count Julian was a noble gothic knight; but thou appearest in mongrel moorish garb. Count Julian was a christian, faithful and devout; but I behold in thee a renegado and an infidel. Count Julian was ever loyal to his king, and foremost in his country’s cause; were he living he would be the first to put shield on neck and lance in rest, to clear the land of her invaders; but thou art a hoary traitor! thy hands are stained with the royal blood of the Goths, and thou hast betrayed thy country and thy God. Therefore I again repeat, man unknown! if thou sayest thou art Count Julian, thou liest! My friend, alas, is dead; and thou art some fiend from hell, which hast taken possession of his body to dishonor his memory and render him an abhorrence among men!’ So saying, Pelistes turned his back upon the traitor, and went forth from the banquet; leaving Count Julian overwhelmed

with confusion, and an object of scorn to all the moslem cavaliers.—*From Legends of the Conquest of Spain, by Washington Irving.*

### The Hues of Autumn.

#### AN INDIAN TRADITION.

But every drop this living tree contains  
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Here load of lances, in my blood imbrued,  
Again shot upward, by my blood renewed.

DAYDEN’S VIRGIL.

‘THOSE bones, stranger?’ said the pioneer, ‘why, that ignorant varmint can tell you nothing about them; they were the framework of men who kicked their shins against these knobs a million years before his people came here to scare the game and burn the Prairies.’

The Indian evidently understood the words of the rough hunter, though he did not vouchsafe a reply to the hereditary enemy of his race. He did not seem, however, to take offence at the interruption, but waiting patiently till the other had finished, he drew up his blanket around him, and rising to his feet, stood erect on the mound. The light of our fire was thrown full upon his attenuated features, and lit them up with almost as ruddy a glow as that which bathed the autumnal foliage before him. He was mute for some minutes, and then spoke to this effect.

‘Yes, they were here before my people. But they could not stay when we came, no more than the Red-man now can hide from the presence of the Long-knife. The Master of Life willed it, and our fathers swept them from the land. The Master of Life now wishes to call back his red people to the blessed gardens whence they first started; and he sends the Pale faces to drive them from the countries which they have learnt to love so well as to be unwilling to leave them.

‘It is good. Men were meant to grow from the earth like the oak that springs in the pine barren, or evergreen that shoots from the ground where the tree with a falling leaf has been cut down.

‘But listen, brother! Mark you the hue that dies every leaf upon the tree? It is born of the red water with which its roots were nourished a thousand years ago. It is the blood of a murdered race, which flushes every autumn over the land when yearly the moon comes round that saw it perish from the ground.’

### Taste for Reading.

THERE is nothing that I would more strongly recommend to young people, of both sexes, than to acquire a taste for reading. At home or abroad, it is comfort in prosperity, and a solace in adversity. Whether a man continue to live by his own family circle and fireside, or roam abroad in foreign

lands, he has at all times a few idle moments to spend. It has been remarked by an intelligent traveler—I think the indefatigable Ledyard—that it was chiefly owing to the taste he had acquired for reading, when he was young, that he was enabled to withstand the many temptations to the vice and folly that beset the path of the traveler.—It enabled him to spend a leisure hour with pleasure and with profit, when he would, otherwise, perhaps from mere ennui, have sought the company of revelers, to escape from the burden of himself.

A CONTRAST.—How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with prospects of naked hills and plains which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possession that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$2.00; E. D. Curtisville, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. C. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$1.50; J. C. O. Camillus, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Lima, N. Y. \$10.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$0.87½; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$2.00; N. S. Augusta, Ga. \$10.00; J. S. L. Portland Center, N. Y. \$1.00; S. D. New-York, \$1.00; S. B. Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1.00; H. & R. Unadilla, N. Y. \$1.00.

### SUMMARY.

CULTURE OF SILK.—A practical treatise upon this interesting subject, which is beginning to excite so extensively the public attention—as it should have done long since—is about being published by Mr. F. G. Comstock, Secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and editor of the Silk Culturist. The work will be adopted to the soil and climate of the United States, and will no doubt meet with an extensive demand.

The Weymouth Tunnel under the river of that name, is the first complete tunnel under the bed of any navigable river in the kingdom. It is 450 feet in length, elliptical in shape, of Roman cement, and lighted by gas.

The gross receipts of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-Road Company, for the last year, were \$263,368 10, of which \$93,540 22 were for passengers. The gross increase of last year, on the revenue of 1834, was \$57,930 52.

A suit is now pending in the Court of Errors at Albany, N. Y. in which Mr. Lorillard, of New-York, is defendant, at the suit of John H. Coster, and others, involving upwards of three millions of dollars.

The number of seamen belonging to the U. States, estimated with as much accuracy as possible, is 103,000; of whom there are in foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in the cod fishery, 5000; in steam vessels 1929; and in the United States navy, 6000.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 27th ult. by Wheeler H. Clark, Esq. Thomas Lees, Merchant of Albany, to Maria Waterman, of the same place.

At Albany, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. James M. French, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the Hon. James Vanderpoel.

At New-York, on the 3d inst. Rev. Lewis Pense, of Canaan, to Miss Ann Eliza Wheeler, of Great Barrington, Mass.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth McKinstry, relict of Capt. Thomas McKinstry, aged 77 years.

On the 6th inst. Charlotte M. Van Rensselaer, daughter of Henry R. Van Rensselaer, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Stephen, son of the widow Ten Eyck, aged 12 years.

On the 1st inst. Harriet wife of Peter L. Taylor, aged 24 years.

At Kinderhook, on the 23d ult. after a lingering illness, Ann, daughter of John Van Dyck, aged about 28 years.



## SELECT POETRY.

MANY pieces of poetry have, within the last two years, attracted the public attention for their sweetness, and what might be called their gentle beauty, with the signature of C. E. Da P. They were known to a favored few as the productions of Mrs. Du Ponte, the wife of the gifted Italian Professor of the New York University. The following touching lines were the first she ever published and will assert for themselves, with all lovers of Song, their claims to favor.—*Metropolitan*.

## The Bride.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

THEY brought me to another land  
Across the ocean wide,  
To dwell with strangers and to be  
A young and happy bride.  
They called me beautiful and fair;  
But yet I know mine eye  
Hath lost the brightness that it had  
Beneath my own sweet sky.  
They wreathed, too, in my shining hair,  
The jewels of their race;  
I could but weep to see how ill  
They suited with my face.  
Alas! upon my altered brow  
Their garlands flash in vain;  
My cheek is now too pale to take  
The tint of joy again.  
I tread their fairy halls at night,  
And all have smiles for me;  
I meet with thrilling looks that make  
Me dream of home and thee.  
How beautiful are all things here!  
How wonderful and bright!  
The very stars appear to shed  
A softer, newer light.  
But yet I feel my heart would give  
Them all for one sweet flower,  
Plucked from the valleys, where my feet  
First trod in childhood's hour:  
Where I beheld the ocean flow  
So proudly by the shore;  
And saw the moonlight stream upon—  
What I shall see no more.  
I loved, upon the dark green rock,  
To take my lonely seat,  
And watch the heaving billows throw  
Their sea-weeds at my feet;  
To meet the summer winds, and hear  
Its murmurs in the trees;  
And think thy voice was whispering me  
With every passing breeze.  
Yet sometimes, in my dreams, I view  
High ruins, lone and dark;  
And sometimes I am on the sea,  
Within my own loved bark,  
And softly then we float along,  
Beneath the twilight star—  
Once more I see the sky I love,  
My own dear home afar.  
Once more I twine around my brow  
The little flowers so pale;  
Once more I think my mother's voice  
Comes sighing on the gale;  
And then there is a wild sweet joy  
That thrills me in my dreams—  
Flinging its radiance on my heart  
Like sunset's golden beams.

## The Happiest Time.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

To be resigned, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given—  
Most surely this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.—*COTTON*.

WHEN are we happiest? When the light of morn  
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;  
When cheerful sounds are upon the fresh winds borne,  
Till man resumes his work with blither zest;  
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen,—  
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,  
And thunder tempests will deform the sky;  
And Summer heats bid the Spring buds decay,  
And the clear, sparkling fountain may be dry;  
And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,  
To tell what it hath been!

WHEN are we happiest? In the crowded hall  
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?  
How soon—how very soon, such pleasures pall!  
How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee;  
Its poison flowrets brave the sting of care:  
We are not happy there!

ARE we the happiest when the evening hearth  
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?  
When goeth round the laugh of heartless mirth,  
And when Affection from her bright urn showers  
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?  
Bliss! is it there thou art?

OH no!—not there: it would be happiness  
Almost like Heaven's if it might always be;  
Those brows without one shading of distress,  
And wanting nothing but eternity,  
But they are things of earth, and pass away—  
They must—they must decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,  
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;  
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,  
And at the last close darkly in the tomb.  
If happiness depend on them alone,

How quickly is it gone!

WHEN are we happiest, then? O, when resigned  
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;  
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,  
Creatures of earth!—and trust alone in Him  
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:  
Oh! we are happiest then!

From the Knickerbocker.

## The Tomb of Josephine.

A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense.

EMPEROR OF EARTH'S most polished clime!  
Whose path of splendid care  
Did touch the zenith point of hope,  
The nadir of despair.—  
Here doth thy wronged, confined heart,  
Resign its tortured thrill,  
And slumber like the peasant's dust,  
All unconcerned, and still?  
Did Love yon arch of marble rear,  
To mark the hallowed ground,  
And bid those doric columns spring  
With clustered roses crowned?  
Say,—did it come with gifts of peace  
To deck thy couch of gloom,  
And like relenting Athens bless  
Its guiltless martyr's tomb?

No! no! the stern and callous breast  
Seared by Ambition's flame,  
No kindlings of remorse confessed  
At thy remembered name;  
Alike the Corsican adjured  
With harsh and ingrate tone,  
The beauty and the love that paved  
His pathway to a throne.

He turned in apathy to gaze  
Upon his Austrian bride,  
Nor heard dark Fate's prophetic sigh  
That warned the fall of pride—  
Saw not the visioned battle-shock  
That cleft his Babel-fame,  
Nor marked on far Helena's rock  
A sepulchre of shame.

France!—France!—by thy indignant zeal  
Were honors duly paid?  
And did thy weeping fondness soothe  
The unrequited shade?  
Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive  
Her faultless form to show?  
But rushing on in reckless mirth,  
That empire answered—No!  
Then lo! a still small voice arose,  
Amid that silence drear,  
Such voice as from the cradle bed  
Doth charm the mother's ear;  
And then methought, two clasping hands  
Were from that marble thrust  
And strange their living freshness gleamed  
Amid that sculptured dust.  
Empress!—the fillial blossoms nursed  
Within thy bosom's fold,  
Survived the wrath that throned Love  
To heartless Glory sold;  
Those hands thy monument have reared,  
Where pausing pilgrims come,—  
That voice thy mourning requiem poured,  
Though all the world was dumb.

L. H. S.

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